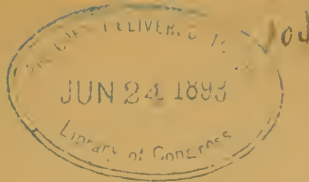


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Hudson Mich

Containing, among other pieces,

FRIENDS OF CHILDHOOD, FARE-THEE-WELL.

MAY THIRTIETH.

OLD GLORY.

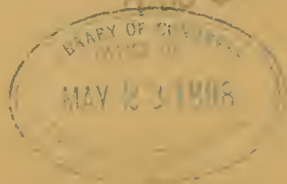
THE BELLS.

THE GIRLS OF MICHIGAN.

The three latter pieces will be issued in the form of Sheet Music, at Popular Prices.

Address all Orders and Communications to

ORIN O'HARROW, Hudson, Mich.



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TO THE READER.

Desiring to secure the copyright to a few Songs, I concluded to throw some of my short compositions—thoughts which, like butterflies sporting about the Hill of Parnassus, having failed to be caught by the professional verse-makers, fell into my net, as I have been wandering on its slopes, while away an occasional hour.

Rank me not with the great poets of yore,

Who entered Fame's portals triumphantly there!

But give me a place by the low cottage door,

Where I may encourage and comfort the poor.

HUDSON, Mich., February, 1898.

ORIN O'HARROW.

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WHEN THE SUN SHINES IN THE NORTH DOOR.

WHEN the sun shines in the north door, Sal,
 When the sun shines in the north door.
 We will have plenty to eat, then, Sal,
 And we will go hungry no more.

We've only a short time now to wait,
 'Till the sun shines in the north door ;
 And we will have lots of bread and meat—
 The children will hunger no more.

Tommy and Jim can go in bare feet ;
 There will be days' work by the score ;
 Your new dress then will be quite a treat,
 When the sun shines in the north door.

I'll pay up the rent for a whole year,
 And then it will haunt me no more ;
 You'll have something to wear, never fear.
 When the sun shines in the north door.

I'll spade up the garden all complete,
 And we will have good things galore.
 When winter is gone, its ice and sleet,
 And the sun shines in the north door.

We've had a hard time, this year at least.
 To keep the grim wolf from the door ;
 I've tried my best to keep out the beast,
 And bravely with trials you've bore.

We never thought it would come to this.
 When we to the marriage vow swore ;
 But you shall find I am not remiss.
 When the sun shines in the north door.

She dried a tear from her wasted cheek,
 And doubtfully glanced tow'rd the door.
 With heart too full of sorrow to speak,
 For she'd heard this promise before.

MARCH.

AH! these March winds make us shiver,
 As their icy currents flow ;
 And the maple branches quiver,
 As their buds begin to grow.

Whistling through the leafless branches,
 Spiteful breezes hurrying go,
 Over forests, fields and ranches,
 And the streams that seaward flow.

Chilling winds that lightly dances
 O'er the last of winter's snow,
 Piercing, with their million lances,
 Flesh and marrow as they go.

These recede as spring advances,
 And the crocus dares to blow ;
 And the robin takes his chances
 With the blue jay and the crow.

Though the chilling winds may linger
 As a guest that dreads to go ;
 Yet old Time's relentless finger
 Points them to the melting snow.

And the sun upon the azure
 Daily cuts a wider arch --
 Bids us hope for milder weather --
 We will say good-bye to March.

 FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP resembles the sunlight,
 Which warms our chilled hearts with its glow,
 And causes the world to look bright
 To us children of sorrow below.

FRIENDS OF CHILDHOOD, FARE-THEE-WELL!

LIKE as toys we toss away
 Youthful friendships of a day;
 Time has broke their fancy's spell—
 Friends of childhood, fare-thee-well!

Tho' in memory's crowded space,
 There is room for ev'ry face;
 Tom and Harry, Dick and Nell,
 I must say to you farewell!

Here our ways for life must part,
 Make we each our sev'ral start:
 Tom and Harry, Dick and Nell,
 Friends of childhood, now farewell!

Yes, farewell! O, fare-thee-well!
 Time has broke our fancy's spell;
 Now, though tears my eyelids swell,
 Friends of childhood, fare-thee-well!

WINE—BIBLE.

IN heathenish days,
 In old Galilee,
 A marriage on hand,
 The wine flowing free.
 The jars are all empty
 In old Galilee;
 Oh, what shall be done?
 Says Christ, let me see.
 "Fill them with water,
 Go on with the spree!"
 A miracle wrought,
 And great was the glee
 At that marriage feast
 In old Galilee.

WOMAN.

NOW woman, they say, is better than man,
 And to back the assertion they point to young Eve,
 Who first betrayed man, kicked over God's plan,
 And prov'd that fair woman was made to deceive.

LOLA.

I F I had now a magic brush,
I'd paint my Lola's brow serene ;
And throw o'er all the living blush
That ever mantles beauty's queen.

I'd stand her in a garden walk,
Where tulips shed their soft perfume ;
And lively fairies nightly stalk,
And make their love, as I presume.

The fresh'ning breath of early showers
Should mingle with the music's strain ;
The witching balm of Eden's bowers
Commingle with the soft refrain.

And through the garden's leafy sheen
The sun should throw his beams so bright,
The rose would mingle with the green,
And purple with the mellow light.

I'd dash her hair with auburn glints,
That's seen in August's sunset glow ;
And on her cheek I'd throw the tints
That crimson velvet roses show.

And o'er her neck of lily white,
I'd cast the purest diamond's ray ;
As o'er her features, beaming bright,
The mellowed sunbeams softly play.

Then on her lips I'd print a kiss,
And in her dark eyes 'trancing light
I'd throw the look that speaks of bliss,
And leave the maid in her delight.

And there we see my Lola standing,
In the flush of her surprise ;
Like an angel just returning
From the realms of paradise.

ROSALIND.

I THOUGHT her purer than the drifted snow,
 So witching bright she seemed and sweetly gay,
 And yet, there seemed a gentle undertow
 That constant drove my better thoughts away.

I wondered if this angel fair could love,
 Or was she like the polished mirror's steel,
 Reflecting only rays from fires above,
 Without the power, herself, such fire to feel.

And, as I took her fair white hand in mine,
 That thrilled my being with electric touch ;
 Gazing within those eyes almost divine,
 I led her to the vine-embowered porch.

And there, where purple sunbeams shifting play,
 While evening's closing minutes lingering flee,
 As twilight's gloaming chase them far away,
 Were left the lovely Rosalind and me.

Soft zephyrs, burdened of the fragrant rose,
 And dreamy twinklers of a pale, dark sky,
 Conspired to make this day's eventful close
 Of consequence to Rosalind and I.

Fair Luna rose upon the evening sky,
 The fountain threw her back a million rays,
 As if her searching powers to defy.
 And blind her vision of bold Cupid's ways.

Of what transpired there's room for small debate,
 Within that porch to us two lovers there,
 Where, haply, joins nativity and fate,
 And lovers, love, with equal pleasures share.

Then, hand in hand, we slowly sauntered forth
 Adown the garden's winding graveled way ;
 The world to me had then a higher worth.
 And Rosalind was never half so gay.

Pale Luna slowly climbed the winding stair,
 And shed approving rays from heights above ;
 And Rosa, in my eyes, ne'er looked so fair
 As when she, blushing, owned that she could love.

LOVELAND.

LOVELAND'S a real and beauteous isle,
 And Cupid keeps its halls and towers ;
 And fragrant orange-blossoms smile—
 The queen of all its charming flowers.

There things are always what they seem ;
 No serpent twines its vernal bowers ;
 Love's enchantments are not a dream ;
 They are real as thoughts or flowers.

It is the lotus-land of earthly joys,
 Which crowd around in smiling groups ;
 Pure pleasures reign without alloys,
 And Cupids dance in joyous groups.

The lover's song, in joyous notes,
 Floats gently through the flowery bowers
 As summer zephyrs softly floats
 Away upon the fleeting hours.

Now I've described this island fair,
 Its flowery bowers and pleasures rare ;
 Who would not drop his load of care,
 And pause awhile to linger there ?

AH, LADY, WHEN THE YEARS HAVE FLED !

AH, lady ! when the years have fled
 That paints the lily on thy brow ;
 And show'rs triumphant on thy head
 The praise of beauty's judges now.

And where appears the rose's trace
 That tints thy dimpled, glowing cheek,
 And beautifies a fairer face
 Than charmed the great imperial Greek.

The years that lend the golden glints
 That beautifies thy hirsute crown,
 And pales the painter's fairest tints
 That e'er his art has ever known.

And gives thine eye a potent light,
 That penetrates the very heart,
 Compelling homage, as of right,
 Without the aid of any art.

I ask you, when these years are gone,
And left you to the blasting fate
Of other years that surely come
And drift all beauty out of date ;

I ask you, when these years are gone,
And taken each their several part,
And left you wrinkled, old, and worn,
Ah ! who will cherish then your heart ?

Will loving throngs admire you then,
And laud your beauty to the skies ?
Will it engage the tongue or pen
Of beauty's judges, wild or wise ?

As by the winter's fire you sit,
So very wrinkled, old, and gray ;
Who will then admire your wit
Among the young, and smart and gay ?

Who then will long to kiss that brow ?
And who will crave a look or smile ?
I ask this question even now,
And will you ponder it awhile ?

Shall loving grandchild's fingers trace
The wrinkled lines of that old face ?
And gentle daughter kiss that brow,
That bids the world do homage now ?

Shall sturdy sons the world engage,
And valiant battle for the right ?
Or act as jurists, wise and sage,
Where reason is preferred to might ?

Ah ! lady of the fair white brow,
These questions have I asked, and now.
Although you greet them with a smile,
Say, will you ponder them awhile ?

BLUSHES.

UNDER the spreading elm she grew.
Under the Borealis light ;
Inhaling the birch-tree's fragrant dew,
Absorbing the snow's immaculate white.

The king of beauty, with mystical skill,
 Had painted a flower, as he only will ;
 When, meeting this maiden of magical grace,
 He impulsively threw the thing in her face.

The snowy skin absorbed the rosy tints,
 And beauty's pride now owns the glowing mints ;
 Whence mantling blushes silent, stealing forth,
 Proclaims the queen of beauty in her height of worth.

WHAT ?

THE poets have lauded, in language sublime,
 And told to the world, in the slickest of story,
 The orgies of Bacchus, who wallowed in wine,
 And cast o'er the sot the ægis of glory.

They've sung of the virtues of chaste Penelope,
 And how she was tempted when absent her spouse ;
 They've praised the good dame, in the confident hope
 Her virtues prevailed in their each sev'ral house.

In all these laudations their motives were good—
 Bishop Whately would say that their logic was fine ;
 They've shown to their wives an example they should
 Made plain, that good fellows indulge in their wine.

What else could be done in such cases like this !
 For without such precedent man were a great brute ;
 While now he can point to Bacchus' ægis,
 And refer, with composure, to Eden's fair fruit.

WINE—BIBLE.

LOOK not on the wine when its spectra will shed
 Rays that are purple, inclining to red ;
 For deep in the waves of its crimsoning bowl,
 A sting that is death to the unwary soul
 Lies hid, like the fang of the venomous snake,
 Whose glittering coils lie concealed in the brake.
 Oh ! shun, then, the wine, for to drink it will bring
 To your heart and your soul the adder's foul sting ;
 And though it may charm, with its roseate hue,
 Avoid it and shun it, death lurks there for you !

THE REFORM.

HARK! 'tis he. I know his staggering tread!
 I hope the drunken brute will want to sleep,
 And that the morn will find him stark and dead—
 I swear to God for him I could not weep!

Mercy! I did not mean to wish him dead!
 (Pardon, O God, the wicked, careless thought!)
 But that some power would turn his thoughtless head,
 And make him see and do the things he ought.

Yet, I must meet him with a pleasant smile,
 For fear I'll rouse the demon in his breast:
 'Tis dangerous, a drunkard's wrath to rile,
 Whoe'er he be—a husband, friend or guest.

D'ye hear me, Sal? Jest open, now, the door!
 Why, Sal, I've jest been down the rafflin' bee—
 Here's two turks, 'n the dray'll be here with more—
 An' here's eight dollars more I won, d'ye see!

Eight in cash, and a half a load of stuff—
 I never see sich luck in all my life!
 Six games of euchre, two of poker bluff—
 Started in with a quarter—how's that, wife?

You must be hungry, Charlie! Won't you eat
 With me a bite, and have a cup of tea?
 My boy! to have you home is quite a treat;
 I wish I always had you, dear, with me!

I was a lucky dog to marry her!
 She knows I've been on a regular spree,
 And that I'm a most miserable cur—
 Yet, she is just as true as steel to me!

I love that woman! and I firmly swear
 That I will reform; and now on, henceforth,
 The home of a brute she no more shall share—
 I'll prove my manhood, trustiness and worth.

The sun rose fair, and near the rosy dawn
 Arose a man who stretched and yawned,
 And sauntered tow'rd the stirring town
 To find the place where he had, sneaking, pawn'd

The jeweled ring that he had early gave
To her, who, in the flush of maiden pride,
Consid'ring he was fair, and true, and brave,
Consented she would be his trusting bride.

(How could he in the scale thus lowly sink,
As steal the signet he had given his bride,
And basely pawn the sacred pledge for drink,
And seek again that faithful woman's side?)

There is no depth too low for him who sips
This curious poison from the fount of hell ;
And blighted is the soul* of him whose lips
Seek solace in its envenomed spell.)

He paid the greedy Jew, and took the band,
And, kneeling by her side, with earnest prayer
Replaced again, upon that faithful hand,
The signet ring, and swore to leave it there.

Their future days I need not now relate,
Yet I will pay this meed to woman true :
That where she loves, though she dissembles hate,
She'll faithful prove all earthly trials through.

WHEN THE HONEYMOON IS OVER.

WHEN the honeymoon is over,
And your love begins to cool,
Then you look each other over—
Rate yourself “a blessed fool !”

When you get a little sober,
And the chain begins to gall,
And the nights are like October,
And you're threatened with a squall,

You can only “grin and bear it !”
This has been so since man's “fall ;”
You forged the chain, now wear it !
This is right, though, after all,

You must learn to pull together,
Then the chain will never gall ;
Though there may be stormy weather,
Shield each other through it all.

*1 Cor. 6: 10 : Gal. 5: 21.

Better be deceived than doubt her ;
 Man's not perfect since the fall ;
 She is Eve's daughter's daughter ;
 We have failings each and all.

Know that man was always foolish ;
 Silly woman always vain ;
 And they're both a little mulish—
 Which I won't just now explain.

You must pet, provide for, love her ;
 She obey and do her best ;
 Be to each a right-true lover ;
 Each may be supremely blest.

You can live like " pigs in clover."'
 And I'll give a sure receipt :
 Always try to smooth things over,
 Using tact, not base deceit.

DOUBT.

FRIENDSHIP! Mystic word ah! that I knew you was my friend,
 And that your thoughts toward me ne'er took a mercenary trend,
 And that, within that steel-cold eye, no glance could be of treachery,
 I'd place my honor in thy hand, and own at once thy witchery,
 Staking my all, and everything, upon a simple, Yes!
 Oh, God! my heart is sorely tried to venture on the guess!

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP resembles the moonlight,
 Which brightens our way in the gloom
 Of the horrible darkness of night,
 When the world is cold like the tomb.
 Cold to our sorrow and sadness,
 And deaf to our wails of despair ;
 The light of true friendship brings gladness,
 And causes the world to look fair.

WHOEVER A PARTNER.

WHOEVER a partner with nature would be,
 And in her rich gifts abundantly share,
 Should consider the ways of the smart honey-bee,
 And where there is nectar be sure to be there!

TO MY DAUGHTER.

WHEN I am laid beneath the sod,
 Perchance the time may be,
 When to the winds the poppies nod,
 That thou wilt think of me.

And when the tears of heaven are shed,
 In gushing showers o'er me,
 Thou'lt think how oft my heart has bled
 In sorrow, mourning thee.

Then, when again the robin builds
 Within the cherry tree,
 And when the verdure swards the fields,
 I hope you'll think of me.

And when the autumn fruitage comes,
 To gladden every eye,
 And crown the hills with purple domes,
 You'll breathe the tearful sigh.

And when grim winter robes the earth,
 And sways the leafless tree,
 And all within is joy and mirth.
 Oh ! will you think of me ?

Ah ! if I knew you mourned me then,
 I'd rest so peacefully ;
 Forgiving all you might have been,
 And should have been to me.

CHRISTIANITY.

HOW pleasant the thought to earth's millions of children,
 That Christ has said, " Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 That He loves every one, and if any should die,
 He would take them at once to His home in the sky.

And those who are older, who have tasted of sin,
 Have just only to ask His quick pardon to win ;
 Though their sins be as scarlet — a simple belief—
 To their tempest-tossed souls affords instant relief.

And then, to the soul that is tortured with sorrow,
 His Comforter sent brings a brighter to-morrow ;
 And their vision, through faith, admits the bright ray,
 That relieves half the gloom of its troubles to-day.

And to he that is weary with life's heavy load,
And feels ready to faint, in the steep, rugged road,
What a boon is a friend, who is ready to bear
All our burden of guilt and our sorrow to share.

Then to the aged, who shirked their known duty,
The plan of salvation exhibits its beauty ;
Though reeking with sin, if they repent at the grave,
And believe on His name He most surely will save.

When the grim boatman has come and no hand can save,
From the voyage through waters that leads to the grave ;
How cheering the thought that they'll be forgiven,
And landed at once on the bright shores of heaven.

THE BLIZZARD.

SWIFT, onward ye sweep, with your biting breath,
Singing an ominous song of death ;
Wooing the soul with your delusive tones,
Forever to quit its flesh and bones,
And leave, as a master leaves, to decay.
His country villa ; moving away
To inhabit a mansion far more grand,
His birthright in some foreign strand ;
Your lullaby song to his dulling ear
Denudes the soul of the sense of fear ;
And while his crimson lifetide's lessening roll,
You snatch from its home the sleepy soul ;
Then onward ye sweep to the boreal pole.
Where the ice-king reigns and his tempests howl.
Oh ! less ye are feared, but more ye slay
Than armed war in its fierce array ;
And never ve stay in your onward path,
Nor human souls can appease your wrath.

THE SOLDIER LAD.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

YOUNG Edwin was a soldier lad,
Who served his country well ;
As thousands other soldiers had,
'Mid screaming shot and shell.

He was so young, a stripling fair,
And yet the boy was brave ;
He thought him able arms to bear,
His country for to save.

He marched through sev'ral hard campaigns,
'Mid carnage fierce and death ;
And camped in Southern sleet and rains,
In forest and on heath.

He stood the vigils of the night,
Through darkness and through gloom ;
Sometimes the moon was beaming bright,
O'er mountain, brake and broom.

And oft revealed the armed foe,
His sentinels arrayed,
With shotted guns, and pacing slow,
As watchful turns they made.

And often on the picket line
The boy was placed in front,
Where, creeping through the bush and vine,
As picket lines were wont.

He sometimes made a target fine
For minie ball or shot ;
And when the soldier came to dine,
'Twas hard-tack that he got.

At length, worn down to skin and bone,
The soldier's heart would sink,
As often, on his boyhood home,
The soldier boy would think.

Oh ! how he longed for peace and rest,
Longed to see his mother ;*
And lay his head upon her breast,
His father and his brother.

*Thousands of soldiers were said to have died during the War of the Rebellion from no other cause than homesickness

His eighteen months of service hard,
With fever, chill and pain;
And numerous hardships he endured,
Made his condition plain.

The surgeon gave a recommend
For thirty days of leave,
At his far Northern home to spend.
Then he no more did grieve.

The furlough soon was written out;
Three days upon the cars:
The children meet him with a shout;
He's home now from the wars.

His mother greets him with a kiss;
Yet streams the briny tears;
She knows that something is amiss;
Confirmed are all her fears.

The feeble steps and brightened eye,
That hectic cough and chills;
Although at first he will deny,
Denotes consumptive ills.

All cheer him up as best they can,
And cheerful do appear;
The parents see his race is run,
And that the end is near.

His thirty days will soon be out;
He speaks of going back;
The doctor shakes his head in doubt;
The mother turns her back.

The doctor says, "I'll help him out,
Get the time extended;
And by that time he'll be about,
Very greatly mended."

The army surgeon certifies,
Under oath, in legal phrase,
That, "Move the soldier and he dies;"
That, "Numbered are his days."

The general knows the soldier well.
Knows he is true and brave ;
Has seen him face the shot and shell,
The doubtful field to save.

The soldier boy feels sure he'll give
Another month to him ;
And autumn days will sure revive
His wonted strength of limb.

The days drag on, the month is up,
He wants his uniform
All on ; although he's bolstered up.
The hour is bright and warm.

"The boatman's here ! the river's tide
I feel about my feet--
Mother, so--steady, now--I ride--
I never -will retreat !"

The boy lay dead ; an order came.
'Twas from the gen'ral's hand :
"Report forthwith, or take the blame
Deserters get"--it ran.

The mother knelt at her son's side,
With feelings of relief ;
Although she poured the bitter tide
That flows with woman's grief.

"Those cruel hardships, wrongs and pain,
My poor boy suffered through ;
No more he'll have to feel again,
Thank God ! they're past and through."



MAY THIRTIETH.

DEDICATED TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF AMERICA.

AGAIN we march with silent tread,
Our flow'ry votive to renew;
And place above our valiant dead
Their colors—red, and white, and blue.

And as we deck each silent grave,
Or pause to dry a gushing tear;
It not our own, some other's brave,
We know, is calmly sleeping here.

On sombre wings our mem'ry flies,
Again to gory Southern fields;
Where shotted cannon rend the skies,
And Southern powers to Northern yields.

Again we hear the dying moan,
Or brother comrade's last farewell,
For wife and child, in Northern home,
And note the day the hero fell.

As in their halls our mem'ries sleep,
Or wakens to the martial tone,
That bids Americans to weep,
O'er grassy mound, memorial stone.

Honoring the brave that silent rest,
On battlefield or 'neath the wave;
Who gave to Freedom's cause their best,
And all that heroes ever gave.

We feel that, on their sacred shrine,
Though the tear-stained flowers we lay;
For them invoke the powers divine,
Small is the homage that we pay.

Then, while the sun tracks out the years
That Freedom o'er this land holds sway;
Vouchsafe the soldier boy your tears,
And sweetest flowers this day in May.

NOTE.—The above Poem will be cheerfully mailed, free, to the commander or secretary of any G. A. R. Post, U. V. U., or any other soldiers' or sailors association within the United States desiring to use the same at their Memorial Services, on receipt of two 2c stamps, which scarcely covers the mailing and publication charges.

THE VISION.

ODE.

AS nature wakens to the orb of day,
 Charmed from the soothing lethargy of rest ;
So own I to thine eyes' entrancing sway,
 That wakes the currents of my heaving breast.
That vibrates now my quickened nerves along,
 And paints new visions in my fitful sleep,
That rise in quick procession as thy song
 In dreamy mem'ry makes me laugh or weep.

EXPLANATORY.

List, now : I wish to have all understand,
 That dreamy phantasy in visions fair,
Creates, as with a fair enchanter's wand,
 As many actors as the plays require.
We would not have them linger if they could ;
They act their part and vanish, as they should ;
But while they last they're seeming flesh and blood,
And for the poet's purpose just as good.

VISION.

I saw her cheek in mantling beauty flush,
 A thousand graces mind her gentle sway ;
And with her, from the city's noisy rush,
 With music, take a merry holiday.

And, as they traced the rustic, rural sands,
 There quickly gathered many rustic bands,
To music's fair retreat, in sylvan lands,
 Surmising well the maiden's outing plans.

Then opes a vista to my wandering brain,
 Where former mists obscured a vision fair,
Of gorgeous gardens, on the smiling plain,
 And nestling ponds and grateful groves were there.

And grateful fountains dew'd the close-crop lawn,
And marble mansions 'mong the stately trees,
That made a shelter for the graceful fawn,
That sported in the spicy, fragrant breeze.

And feathery songsters carol forth in glee,
And Echo answers from the distant hill ;
The Queen of Song not often do they see—
The multitudes are quiet, hush'd and still.

The song-birds have ceased, and now arrayed
In wid'ning circles on the grassy lawn
The Graces have their sylvan forms displayed,
And in their centre stands the Queen of Song.

A pianoforte is open by her side,
Then, while a Fairy dances on the keys,
Clear, ringing notes float out on ev'rv side,
And cadent, revel on the fragrant breeze.

The wondering song-birds crane their necks to hear,
I saw them nearer hop from bough to bough ;
The spotted fawn, it seemed, forgot his fear—
It seemed a goddess was among us now.

So soothing was her voice, and sweetly low,
That, while I closed my eyes, I seemed to feel
My mother's hand again upon my brow,
Just as, when at her knee, I used to kneel,

With infant sobs, at some imaginary wrong,
Or ill, that mother's kiss alone could heal,
(God gave the power of true, impassioned song.
To those alone who have the power to feel).

Again she sang, and pity was her theme ;
I quickly gazed around, and sorrow's eye
Was heavy ; and it did most surely seem
That, from sheer grief, the multitude would die.

Perceiving this, she quickly changed the strain
To such terpsichorean measures vain
As set the crowds a-dancing on the plain—
The goddess smiled as she beheld them train.

Then the notes died out ; the dancers ceased ;
 And all, once more, in the valley was still ;
 And the people again, when their nerves were eased,
 Cried, Please, fair maid, sing again, if you will !

A noise in the house aroused me from sleep—
 Visions, like all things, must come to a close.
 I rubbed my eyes, in a reverie deep,
 For I knew the maid—but I'll not disclose !

OLD GLORY.

WE love the dear emblem,
 We shout and we cheer,
 As the folds of Old Glory
 Unfurl to the air !

CHORUS—Old Glory ! Old Glory !
 The emblem of the Free !
 Old Glory ! Old Glory !
 Our Flag it still shall be !

We pledge now our honor,
 And firm shall we stand,
 That the folds of Old Glory
 Shall cover this land !

CHORUS—Old Glory, &c.

Her stars tell our powers
 The earth we defy,
 Just as long as Old Glory
 Shall float in our sky.

CHORUS—Old Glory, &c.

If he travels the earth,
 Or sails o'er the sea,
 Well protected the son
 Of Old Glory shall be !

CHORUS—Old Glory, &c.

We drink to Old Glory,
 And long may she wave
 O'er the homes and the bones
 Of our patriot brave !

CHORUS—Old Glory, &c.

THE GIRLS OF MICHIGAN.

ALTHOUGH they do not all grow wings,
Just watch them, if you can ;
The charming, sweet, and bonny things :
The Girls of Michigan.

CHORUS—The Girls of Michigan !
The Girls of Michigan !
The charming, sweet, and bonny things,
The Girls of Michigan !
You always find them clean and neat—
The whole world you may scan—
Then you will swear she can't be beat.
The Girl from Michigan.

CHORUS—The Girls of Michigan. &c.
She keeps the house so clean and neat,
And she's so good to plan ;
She cooks your dinner so complete,
The Girl of Michigan.

CHORUS—The Girls of Michigan, &c.
And if you think her you can cheat,
And try your sharpest plan ;
She'll quickly cause you to retreat.
The Girl of Michigan.

CHORUS—The Girls of Michigan. &c.
But then, if she should chance to meet
A right good honest man ;
She can say YES, so very sweet,
The Girl of Michigan.

CHORUS—The Girls of Michigan, &c.
If you're inclined to have a wife,
Like ev'ry honest man,
To lighten all your cares in life,
Take one from Michigan.

CHORUS—The Girls of Michigan, &c.
They say they make the best of wives.
About them is no sham ;
They're true and faithful all their lives,
The Girls of Michigan.

CHORUS—The Girls of Michigan. &c.

THE BELLS.

OH, just listen to the bells !
The merry sleighing bells !
From the forests, hills and dells.
The ringing of the bells,
The jingling of the bells !
The happy sleighing bells !

Oh, hear now the steeple bells,
That o'er the valley swells !
Oh, those costly chimes of bells !
The ringing of those bells,
Those earnest steeple bells,
A wondrous story tells !

Oh, ring and jingle the bells !
Ring and jingle the bells !
For 'twill cure your moody spells—
The ringing of those bells !
The bells, the bells, the bells !
The happy Christmas bells.

GRIEF.

I SIT lonely at night, by my desolate hearth,
And think of my mate that was torn from my side ;
And mourn the dark fate that has followed my birth,
And blanched all my hopes and humbled my pride.

My spirits still droop and my wounds will not heal ;
The sunshine of friendship is gall to my soul ;
So palsied my heart that I cannot conceal
The spell that is on me and past my control.

The tree that is shattered may sprout up again,
The ship that is wreck'd may yet dance o'er the wave ;
The green verdure may deck the war-trodden plain,
But my heart is buried with her in the grave.

Then leave me alone to brood over my woe,
And do not disturb the deep tide of my grief,
Which bears me along, in its chastening flow,
To oblivion's sea—my only relief.

TRUTH.

I TRODE the earth in darkness and deepest misery ;
I sought for simple TRUTH, determined to be free ;
I found the sagest wisdom is but a tangled skein
Of fact and superstition — unravel he who can.

I dug up ancient records, engraved by perished hands,
Engraved in queerest characters, in many famous lands,
And laughed at their traditions, defiled with cynic hands :
Some gods that had six toes, half crocodile and man.

Compared the gods of Egypt with those of Yucatan ;
Concluded that true wisdom was not with ancient man.
I sought the ancient records and musty pages o'er,
Yet found not what I wanted in all the ancient lore.
The Greek and Latin parchments held not the truth in store ;

Searched the halls of Persia through, in China and Japan ;
And in my homeward journey took in the Vatican.
I journeyed to the eastward and journeyed to the west,
Consulted modern scholars, gave up the useless quest ;

Four hundred creeds I counted, considered and threw by—
Like other men in darkness, concluded I must die.
I heard that in the mountains, beyond the farther sea,
There was a noted oracle could tell the TRUTH to me.

I packed my grip and started, but you may note it here,
I journeyed there in torments of mingled doubt and fear ;
I passed in barren deserts three thousand leagues of sand,
And boldly braved the ocean, content to leave the land.

Soon rose those distant mountains, far, far across the sea,
Where TRUTH awaits the pilgrim, who will both hear and see.
The winds were fair and steady, my sail of extra reach,
And soon my little shallop was anchored on the beach.

I scaled the sloping hillsides, where nods the birch and pine,
Past tangled knots of brushwood, where creeps the mountain vine ;

On, up, when lo ! a woman fair, within a natural bower,
With gentle courtesy and low, passed modestly the hour.

I bowed. " Ah ! gentle lady, can you tell me where
To find the ORACLE that can the TRUTH declare ?
TRUTH, plain and simple, that will set the nations free
From superstitious bonds and priestly mystery,

“And leave the human soul a free and ample scope,
To drink the sweets of life and not destroy hope?”

“The ORACLE is here !” she naively, sweetly said,
As round her stately form a halo quickly spread.

“Follow me !” We passed a cavern’s rocky door—
Transformed the scene ! some faggots on the floor
Gave out a dense and heavy-scented smoke.
I quaked in fear as she the silence broke.

“I deal with spirits of the moldered dead ;
By powers supernal I can call from heaven or hell
Whoe’er I will ; obedient to my spell
They pass the gates and intermediate space —

“Report at once within this very place.
Who will you see—the king, a duke, his grace,
Cæsar, Saul, Napoleon Bonaparte or Paul,
Christ, your wife, father, any one, or all ?”

The od’rous smoke curled ’round her as she stood ;
(The withered witch was clearly flesh and blood.)
I said, “Now this is serious business I am on,
I want to talk with SOLOMON !

“Wisest and most experienced man of all the rest,
Endowed of God, his counsel is the best.”
She bowed her head, and, bending o’er the smoke,
Some curious motions made and mystic mutterings spoke.

Dark grew the place ; the trembling mountain shook ;
Her mien grew wild, and deathly was her look ;
The smoke whirled steady, with a curious light,
That showed a phantom form to my bewildered sight,

Which said, “Now bring your business quickly on,
For I AM SOLOMON !”

“Tell me, in twenty words or so,
Just what religion is, then go !”

(It has always been a great surprise
How I, with Solomon before my eyes,
Could talk thus plainly to his misty ghost —
But now it’s over, I can freely boast.)

“Since you’re an honest, faithful youth,
And sought thus hard to find the truth,
Though I am very busy in the courts above,
We come to answer you: ’Tis LOVE!

“But as to tenets, creeds, and forms of strict belief,
They change with every thousand years or so, in brief;
They amount to simply nothing in the courts above,
Where all accounts are squared by JUSTICE, TRUTH, and
LOVE.”

“But hold!” I cried, “we’ve got to be immersed,
Confess our sins, and—” But here the phantom burst,
Or seemed to part, and vanish, as the whirl
Dissolved itself about the mountain girl,

And left her standing in the cavern there,
A comely woman, bright, and passing fair.
The fagots lay upon the dusky cavern floor;
Again we passed the cavern’s rocky door.

The sun hung low above the mountain pine,
His slanting rays crept in among the vine.
I quickly left the cavern out of view,
Relieved to find my boat upon the shore,
And raised the sail and homeward bore once more.

The briny depths were safely passed with speed,
The bark was left where turtles yearly breed.
I quickly passed those leagues of barren sand.
Well pleased to tread again my native land;
And fairly sure that I have met the ghost
Of SOLOMON—a thing that few can boast.



THE TRAMP.

THE clouds were bunching together,
As though it might suddenly storm,
And spoil our beautiful weather,
So cloudless and balmy and warm.

And I was digging “parathers,”
As Irish Pat always would say ;
While up the road, go as you please,
An old tramp was coming my way.

I thought of a dozen of murders,
And women abused by the clan,
Since tramps infested our borders—
Instinctively hating the man.

He carried a hickory crook,
On the end of an ugly cane ;
And I thought, by the fellow’s look,
He might be related to Cain.

A bundle was hung on his arm,
And a tin cup swung from his side ;
You’d a judged him chuck full o’ harm,
From his dark and greasy old hide.

I saw, as the pilgrim drew near,
We’d made a mistake in his case ;
There was small occasion to fear,
To judge from the old fellow’s face.

He paused, and spoke of the weather ;
He thought I’d a very fine crop ;
And asked, beseechingly, whether
I’d take him in service, or not ?

Had heard that I wanted to hire
A man of experience and skill ;
And though he was old and might tire,
He’d faithfully work, with a will.

And when I gave in my excuse,
How I hadn’t but little to do ;
That money was scarce as the deuce ;
(In fact, not a word of it true.)

He said he would work very cheap,
Only a few cents for each day ;
And that in the barn he could sleep,
In case I'd allow him to stay.

He'd farmed thirty years in the State,
But sickness had got him in debt ;
God in mercy had taken his mate
Before he was turned in the street.

I made a cruel suggestion,
Which cut the old man to the quick ;
'Twas something about his children,
While nervously grasped he the stick.

I noticed a tear on his cheek,
While he smothered a heaving sigh ;
He stammered, while trying to speak,
So he muttered a quick good bye.

Once more took the weary road,
And slowly disappeared from sight ;
Tow'rd the dread poorhouse feebly strode ;
I asked myself, Can this be right ?

No doubt he's somebody's father,
This old tramp so faded and worn ;
Who think it is too much bother
To have him infesting their home.

He's fairly honest, all can see,
And short his fingers worn with work ;
His children turns him out, to be
A wanderer, in storm and dark.

Without a care if he should die,
And fill a wand'ring pauper's grave ;
Nor would they ask the where or why,
Nor raise a hand their sire to save !

They, heartless like the Esquimau,
That leaves his nearest, dearest kin,
To die within their hut of snow,*
Abandoned and perhaps shut in.

*See account of Dr. E. K. Kane's Polar Expedition.

I think, perhaps, he spared the rod,
And spoilt the child in early youth;
Or taught them money was a god,
To be preferred to virtue, truth.

He might have thought them very smart,
To play queer pranks on worthy age;
Perhaps himself has played a part,
And taught irreverence of age.

He might have taught a selfish creed,
And sown their forming minds with tares,
Which will a million curses breed,
While now he reaps his lawful shares.

He might have used a mother harsh,
Or turned an aged father out;
While now he feels God's vengeful lash—
I'm 'fraid it's justice, scarcely doubt.

Perhaps I stood ten minutes there
To rightly place that aged tramp;
A change came o'er the sultry air—
'Twas cooler now, and slightly damp.

A wind sprung up; the sky o'ercast;
The muttering thunders threat'ning spoke;
I sought for shelter, while the blast
Upon the hills and forests broke.

The heavy torrents fairly poured,
The fiery lightnings lit the sky;
Tremendous thunders awful roared,
As though God's visitant was nigh.

(How small seems man, and all his work,
When nature makes a fair display
Of wrathful terrors, fierce and dark,
Upon a fair, bright summer's day!)

I gained the house, and, warm and dry,
Sat out the sudden, fearful blast;
Then from my yard admired the sky,
And storm-clouds that had quickly passed.

They seemed to tower miles above,
In solid forms, so fleecy, fair,
That angels, from the realms above,
Might make their habitations there.

And while I stood and silent gazed
Upon the changeful, shifting scene ;
And the God of nature was worship'd, praised,
Someone asked where the tramp had been ?

Under a tree they found him stark,
A purple cross upon his brow
Showed where God had put His mark,
And the tramp was an angel now !

The livid lightning rent the tree,
Where he a partial shelter sought ;
And set his careworn spirit free,
To claim the grace our Saviour brought.

It struck the old man on the crown,
And on his forehead burned a cross ;
Followed a wrinkle fair and square,
And left the sacred symbol there.

I've deeply mused upon that day,
Yet I've said but little before ;
Perhaps it does not always pay
To turn every tramp from the door !
Yet, if that man's an angel now,
He was, surely, a saint before.

OCTOBER.

LIKE the headsman comes October,
Like the headsman grim and sere,
To warn us that all is over,
And to garner in the year.

He spreads o'er valley, hill and dell,
A sulphurous pall his breath ;
Like vapors that arise from hell,
Tainted with fair nature's death.

There's decay in his biting breath,
And chill in his withering look ;
And we know by the things he saith,
That the world will be forsook.

Dame Nature takes her raiment off,
And casts the same to the earth—
Naked stands, while the genii scoff
As though ashamed at their mirth.

Then turns he, the grim October.
 From the goddess blanch'd and gray,
 With a sullen look and sober,
 Then hastens himself away.

Ah ! we are glad that it is past ;
 Glad that he is gone away ,
 And strangled in the icy blast
 Of the first November's day.

LOOKING AROUND.

LOOKING backward, it would seem
 Life is but a shifting dream ;
 Can it be—oh ! tell me, say,
 A soul's simple holiday !

Can it be that you and I
 Change as do the butterfly ?
 Are we earthward sent, I pray,
 To spend one life, then away

To serious business,
 New surroundings and new dress ?
 Is this life only one link ?
 Well, now, friend, what do you think ?

Of a chain that's fast in heaven,
 That runs fairly smooth and even,
 Through the universe of God ?
 (Do not too hastily nod !)

Linking the worlds like rosary beads,
 For God's purpose and man's needs ?
 Or is the world a play-ground,
 For such weary souls unbound,

From sterner duties above,
 Here to re-create and love ?
 Or, is it a reform school
 For infringers of the rule,
 That holds in God's dominion ?
 A prevalent opinion !

I've not guessed yet—ah, well !
 Then, perhaps, you think it's hell ?
 You've a right to your belief,
 If you find it a relief !

Earth is just a breeding-ground
For souls ; man here was formed ;
Here, first, was he created,
Settled, located, mated,

With care and trouble weighted,
With sorrow implicated ;
Doubts and fears attend his way—
Is it true, my friend—what say?

* * * * *

Earth's man's workhouse, and 'tis given
Thereon to make his heaven.
Search the Bible, there you'll find
Wisdom of a noble kind.

Most of it is wise and true,
And a fitting guide for you ;
Banish fear and sin away,
It will harm you none to pray.

Cause not others grief or pain ;
Harbor not the love of gain ;
This is wisdom, I believe ;
Practice it, my friend, and thrive.

Your soul frighten not with dread
Of fiery torments when you're dead ;
Deceive not yourself, kind friend,
Warp not your candor, nor bend.

Your light to your neighbor lend,
Be to all men a good friend ;
And peace your soul should attend,
As down life's journey you wend.

LET'S STRIKE A BLOW FOR LIBERTY!

LET'S strike a blow for Liberty !
And let the nations see
Columbia stands for justice,
And hears her ev'ry plea.

Let's strike a blow for Liberty !
When monsters, 'neath a crown,
Descend to wholesale butchery,
Let's strike their minions down !

And show the world America
Has pledged herself to be
The staunch support of Liberty,
The foe of tyranny.

That from the Saragossa
Unto Pacific's sea,
America from monarchy
Is henceforth to be free!

Let's strike a blow for Liberty!
Americans for shame!
Uphold the blessed principle,
Preserve the sacred name.

April 11th, 1898.

FANCY.

I S, indeed, our youthful dreaming,
All a mockery and a seeming?
Or is it like the first ravs streaming
On the wings of early morning?
Is it not the glorious warning
Of approaching full-orbed morning?
Is it not the early ray,
And the promise of the day?
Is it not the first revealing,
O'er our senses softly stealing,
Of the glorious harvest time,
Of our manhood's fruitful prime?
'Tis our fancy first reveals
All our future mighty REALS.
Before St. Peter's dome did rise,
It was seen by fancy's eyes.
And the mighty pyramid,
In the fancy first was hid.
We owe our great things all to dreamers,
And their compassing to schemers,
Who, themselves, were mighty dreamers.
Striving hard to realize
What first appeared to fancy's eyes;
And the fancy becomes infection,
Till the thing attains perfection.
Call the roll. sound the gong,
Bring them in, a mighty throng:
Ancient, modern, every one,

Every age be represented :
 Everything that's been invented,
 Every warrior, poet, architect,
 Each reformer with his text ;
 Each has been the child of FANCY,
 So let fancy have her sway ;
 She will always lead the way,
 And man will follow in her sway.
 The dreamer gets his inspiration
 From the God of all creation.
 Ask the preacher, What is heaven?
 And out of twelve an even eleven
 For answer gives, " A dream,"
 And acknowledges it's a dream.
 Then what's hell?—ah, well !
 The same answer then is given,
 As when you asked, " What's heaven?"
 You'll find, then, that every one's decision
 Depends entirely on his mental vision.
 But then, who doubts that hell is real,
 Or thinks that heaven has not a place as well ?
 And yet, as strange as it may seem,
 Their only proof is fancy, vision, dream.
 Yet heaven is there, sure as the walls of Rome,
 And just as sure as Omar's gilded dome.
 We build to fancy, and fancy's wall will rise,
 As sure as Rome's or London's needles pierce the skies.
 And when they're gone, swept into oblivion by the hand of time,
 Their only record left, perhaps, this hoary rhyme,
 What are they, then? No fancy, dream or vision
 Will claim them as their own.
 What, then, will be the busy world's decision,
 When their existence, name and mission are unknown?
 They'll be as if they ne'er had been—
 Not even a fancy, vision, or a dream !
 And thus the lapse of ages, in their everlasting trend,
 Point only to a still receding point—THE END !
 Man's nature changes as the skein of time unreels ;
 His thoughts are different, and he different feels
 A thousand years makes quite a difference, even—
 Ten thousand changes all, and gives a different heaven.
 What is the end? The end is change !
 This is as far as man can see or comprehend,
 And, so far as man's concerned, it IS the END !

THANKS.

HOW thankful I am that I live in the present,
 And not by some mountainous, turbulent stream,
 Where, in some sod hovel, inhabits the peasant,
 And aloft in the air the wild eagles scream.

Where events run on in their ancient alignments,
 And daisies and gowans bedeck the wild slope ;
 And there's not to be found a single refinement,
 Or ought to inspire the poor peasant with hope.

And where with Dame Nature he's only coquetted,
 In partnership there with the goats and the sheep ;
 The lack of good whisky is mostly regretted,
 As shiv'ring and ragged he lulls him to sleep.

Let's thank all our stars we were born in the present,
 And not in the cot of the herder of sheep ;
 That 'mid churches and schools our life is quite pleasant,
 And modern refinements a lively pace keep.

 AT LAST.

AT last we are after those butchers
 Who blew up our boys and the Maine,
 And starved half a million of wretches,
 Those miserable subjects of Spain.

The red earth is crying for vengeance,
 That reeks with the blood of their slain ;
 They make war on women and children,
 Those miserable rulers of Spain.

The Eagle is crying for vengeance,
 That wings o'er the wreck of the Maine ;
 The sea murmurs softly for vengeance,
 That washes the decks of the Maine.

Our nation is heart-wrung with sorrow,
 The Spaniards, with haughty disdain,
 Have spurned our demands, and the morrow
 Must yield some return for the Maine.

We are after the dons and the devils,
 Who disgrace the earth and Old Spain ;
 We'll answer their insolent revels
 America's war-cry, "The Maine!"

OUR BATTLE-CRY, "THE MAINE!"

A SONG.

WE'LL strike a blow for Freedom,
Our battle-cry, "The Maine!"
And free that fertile island from
The tyranny of Spain.

We'll teach those dons and butchers,
And make the lesson plain,
They can't prevail by treachery—
Our battle-cry, "The Maine!"

Our simple call for justice
They've treated with disdain;
Now we'll thrash the saucy Spaniards—
Our battle-cry, "The Maine!"

Our boys are rough and ready,
Who can their wrath restrain?
They'll thrash the dons, and Weyler, too—
Our battle-cry, "The Maine!"

And when the war is over,
And nothing left of Spain,
We'll build a grand new warship,
And name the same "THE MAINE!"
May 11th, 1898.

DREAMS.

IF you tickle a sleeper's nose, they say,
With a tail-feather from an eagle gray,
Instantly a current sets in motion
Nerve cells, quite the opposite devotion.
The sleeper, in his fierce imaginings,
Sees armies, gatling guns, and other things,
In fiercest attitude, all round about.
The bold command, the charge, and answering shout,
The clash of fire and steel, the bloody rout;
Hears the dying groan, and sees the pallor
Creep o'er the face of chivalry and valor;
Surveys the field and notes the havoc wrought,
Decides that victory was dearly bought;
Then sighs, and groans, and turns toward the wall.

And snores again, oblivious to all.
Then, if you use a feather from a turtle dove,
His dormant thoughts are turned to scenes of love.
Again he threads the little islet grove.
With her he loves ; they innocently rove
Through nature's gardens, near the purling stream,
Chasing, like the butterfly, the luring dream ;
The goddess* spreads before the craving race
Convergent thoughts, convenient time and place ;
He twines the roses in her flowing hair,
Folds to his breast the yielding, willing fair ;
Pets her fair cheek, and from her rosy lips,
Freebooter-like, the inspiring nectar sips :
And, like the honey-bee, returns again ;
Now wakes to find the dreamy vision vain.
And dull reality now holds the sway,
Routine of life the business of the day.
As lightning flashes through the cloudy sky,
These visions masquerade before his eye ;
Though dead to outward sounds his heavy ear,
Imagination causes him to hear ;
Imagined sorrow causes him to sigh.
The briny tears suffuse his sightless eye.
Mysterious subject, and a mystic theme,
The why and wherefore of a common dream.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA ! Home of the brave, and land of the free,
Proud thy brave, gen'rous sons and lovely daughters fair,
That all the world is turned, with watchful eye, tow'rd thee,
Knowing that Liberty has made her dwelling there.

Our fathers wooed the goddess to these western skies,
That would have quit a world unworthy of her name ;
And swore there should a million altars rise,
Devoted to the worship of her sacred name.

Now, by their honored mem'ries and their sacred dust,
We pledge a score of million altars to their one ;
And freely swear allegiance to the sacred trust—
Our nation's mighty voice is as the voice of ONE.

* Venus, the Goddess of Love

HOPE.

SOME poet* has said, with expressions most funny,
And laid down the rules like some Eastern Mogul,
“A man can live without friends, home, hopes or money,
In case of good dinner, his stomach is full.”

The world clapped their hands, and shouted, “Eureka!”
As visions of dinners arose to their eyes;
And voted the poet a second great Buddha,
A man among millions uncommonly wise.

Ha! that we poor creatures should hug the delusion,
Who oft, like the poet, go hungry to rest;
And on such occasions come to the conclusion,
Of all other things a good dinner's the best.

It's no use to argue with people who're famished—
You might as well preach to the man in the moon;
Or send tracts to people who've had to be banished
For mixing your goods with things that's their own.

But yet, those who have dined can listen to reason,
And calmly consider what things ARE the best;
Perhaps ALL things are best in their season,
For if, having all things, who would not be blest?

It's no kind of surprise, in times like the present,
(When the God that is worshiped is golden, at least,)
That people should think a good income more pleasant
Than a stall in a soup-house or a place at a feast.

The present generation is broad in its vision,
As much reading and travel has widened its scope;
All NOW will agree, in a general decision,
Man is only sustained by one principle—Hope.

*Owen Meredith.







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